

JACKSON COUNTY SENTINEL

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

Comer Huffines Enjoys His First Jackson County Soldier Trip To Camp Mead.

Camp Mead, Md.,
Nov. 10, 1918.

Dear Sentinel:

If you will permit me a little space in our grand old paper, I shall be glad to write once again.

We are now located at Camp Mead, having arrived here, Thursday, Nov. 7th.

Had a very interesting trip from Ft. Leavenworth, passing thru Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia and down the historical Potomac to Washington, D. C.

The mountain scenery from Cincinnati to Washington is grand. The Potomac starts, as most all things do, with a small beginning, enlarging as it nears the famous Chesapeake. Green perpendicular walls of many stratas of stone stand on either side, plainly showing by their arched formation the wrinkling of the earth crust as it cooled ages ago.

The B. & O. railroad running from Baltimore to Ohio, is one of the roads of the U. S. well marked by tunnels and tressels.

The number tunnels, I do not know, but you scarcely get thru blinking the smoke out of your eyes from passing thru one until you are right into another, to repeat the same thing over again.

Maryland is not only a State of history, but is an apple producing state, as you are convinced by passing thru and viewing the great orchards with large heaps of blushing red fruit yet unmarketed.

Camp Mead proper, is located about 24 miles from Washington D. C. and about 12 miles of Baltimore, and very consoling to us, we are granted weekend passes to either of the places.

As we are only in the cantonments, which are newly constructed, wish to say that there are a number of large stumps on the ground that we are politely brought around and introduced to, but believe me it doesn't take long for a great bunch of them to disappear before the husky sammies.

From the looks of the war situation, it doesn't seem as tho we are going to have to do very much more K. P. duty, or dig stumps either. Won't that sound good to the khaki boys, and not only to them, but to the entire world which has anxiously looking for peace for the past 4 years.

May the glad tidings hastily come, when once again the sacred soil of U. S. A. which has for the last 19 months been drenched with mother's tears be dried by the wings of the angels of peace, as well as the war ravaged countries of Europe, and all peoples can again hear ringing on their ears the glorious proclamation of St. Luke 2:14, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men."

May the blessings of heaven rest upon all who are anxiously desiring to know and do the ways of right, not only in Jackson county, but the world over, is my sincere prayer.

The people who are fortunate to be living in this, the greatest age of the world, tho we be passing thru its most momentous crisis, should put on our thinking caps, and in the words of our great President, "have our hearts and minds prepared to meet the birth of a new world."

Trusting I haven't taken too much of your space already, I beg to remain.

Sincerely Yours,

Comer T. Huffines

Co. C. 4th Tr. Bn. S. C. Cantonment, Camp Mead, Maryland.

To Die on Field of Battle.



Ferd Author Stout

The above is a fair likeness of Ferd Author Stout of the 7th district, the first Jackson county soldier to fall on the field of honor in far off France.

Young Stout was killed in action September 22, and the official news of his death was received by his relatives Oct. 27 in a telegram from the War Department at Washington.

The following letter from Willie Billingsley, who was in the same regiment with Stout, explains something of the nature of how he met death.

France,
Sept. 24, 1918.

Fate Stout, Bloomington R-1.

It is with sadness of thought that I write you in regard to the death of your brother Ferd. He was killed September 22 by a 3 inch artillery shell, which accidentally exploded. His company was advancing through the country where the enemy had been, when one of his comrades stepped on the shell causing the explosion. Five lives were lost by it, and some other wounded

I was sorry that I did not get to see Ferd after this happened, but I was some distance from him when it occurred. When we reached the scene he had been taken to the cemetery and buried. He had lots of friends throughout our regiment, who took care of his body, and they would they have saved his life if possible. But we can't tell when our time is at hand, and when it comes all the friends on earth can't save us.

We all have our trials and tribulations to bear and one time to go. If we die while doing our duty in France, it is for our dear old country and loved ones. This is all we can do to be free again.

A friend to you all,
Willie Billingsley.

The following letter is the last message received from Ferd Stout before he was killed.

Somewhere in France,
August 19, 1918.

Fred Stout, Bloomington, R-1.

Dear Brother: I am well, and was so glad to learn that you were all well and fairing fine.

I certainly hope that we will win the war, and soon be at home again. When I get back I will tell you about my trip and the country I have seen.

Write me just as often as you can, and let me know how you all are getting along. Tell all the people back there hello for me. Give Florence and McAus-

President Sets Thursday, November 28, As Day of Thanksgiving and Prayer.

President Wilson, in a proclamation Monday, designated Thursday, Nov. 28, as Thanksgiving day, and said this year the American people have special and moving cause to be grateful and rejoice. Complete victory, he said, has brought not only peace, but the confident promise of a new day as well, in which "justice shall replace force and jealous intrigue among the nations."

The proclamation follows:

THANKSGIVING, 1918.

By the President of the United States.
A Proclamation.

It has long been our custom to turn in the autumn of year in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for His many blessings and mercies to us as a nation. This year we have special and moving cause to be grateful and to rejoice. God has, in His good pleasure, given us peace. It has not come as a mere cessation of arms a mere relief from the strain and tragedy of war. It has come as a great triumph of right. Complete victory has brought us, not peace alone, but the confident promise of a new day as well, in which justice shall replace force and jealous intrigue among the nations. Our gallant armies have participated in a triumph which is not marred or stained by any purpose of selfish aggression. In a righteous cause they have won immortal glory and have nobly served their nation in serving mankind. God has indeed been gracious. We have cause for such rejoicing as revives and strengthens in us all the best traditions of our national history. A new day shines about us, in which our hearts take new courage and look forward with new hope to new and greater duties.

While we render thanks for these things let us not forget to seek divine guidance in the performance of those duties, and divine mercy and forgiveness for all errors or purpose, and pray that in all that we do we shall strengthen the ties of friendship and mutual respect upon which we must assist to build the new structure of peace and good will among the nations.

Therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do hereby designate Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of November next, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and invite the people throughout the land to cease upon that from their ordinary occupations and in their several homes and places of worship to render thanks to God, the ruler of nations.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done in the District of Columbia, this sixteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eighteen, and of the independence of the United States of America the hundred and forty-third.

WOODROW WILSON.

By the President.

ROBERT LANSING,
Secretary of State.

ton my best regards.

Be a good boy and don't forget to write.

I close with love from your brother.

Ferd A. Stout,
Co. 117 Inf., American E. F., A. P. O. 749

Ferd Author Stout was 27 years old, and the son of Mr. and George Stout, deceased. His mother died when he was a small child and his father passed away 4 years ago. He was born and raised on a farm in the 7th district, and was a sober and industrious young man, possessing a character of the highest type. He was held in high esteem by a wide circle of friends, who were deeply grieved to learn of his death.

When the select draft law was put into effect June 5, 1917, Ferd Stout was among the first in his district to be registered. During the long process of his induction into our great national army, he uttered not a word of complaint, but like a true and loyal citizen answered his country's call.

On Saturday, September 22, 1918 with forty-two other Jackson county boys he left Gainesboro for Camp Gordon, arriving there the following evening. After going thru the preliminary training at Camp Gordon he was transferred to Camp Sevier, N. C., where he remained until sometime in April of this year, when

he was again transferred going to Camp Mills, Long Island, N. Y. After a short stay at Camp Mills he sailed for France, arriving there May 27.

Just what battle young Stout first took part in, is now not known, but his regiment was among the first American troops to go into action against the Germans, which occurred Sept. 5.

He made a model soldier and was a general favorite among his comrades. He was made Corporal several months ago by his strict attention to duty, and was in line for further promotion. He met death one year to the day after beginning his military service.

The deceased carried a Government insurance policy for \$4,000, and had \$200 of his saving invested in liberty bonds.

He is survived by the following sisters and brothers: Mrs. Laura Pharris, Brotherton, Mrs. Mandie Fuqua, Bloomington R-1; John Stout, Baxter; Fate, Jim, Garrett, Sam and Fred Stout, Bloomington R-1 and Harve Stout, Granville R-1.

TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE.

The David Loftis town property, consisting of dwelling, barn and the best garden spot in town. Good well water. Good location. For further particulars, call or see Dr. H. P. Loftis Gainesboro.

Tells you neighbors how good the Sentinel is.

Jackson County Boy Victim Of Influenza.



WILLIAM JENNINGS HUFFINES

This noble young man was stricken with Influenza while on board the U. S. S. Kentucky. He grew progressively worse and developed pneumonia Oct. 3rd. He was transferred to the U. S. S. Mercy hospital ship, and continued to grow worse, dying October 5th at 5 a. m. The remains were shipped home, arriving October 11. Funeral service was held Oct. 12, conducted by W. M. Dycus, with interment in the Draper cemetery on Wartrace.

The deceased is survived by three sisters and five brothers. Two of his brothers, Cautus and Vester are with the U. S. Army in France. He carried Government insurance to the amount of \$10,000.

The following obituary is contributed by a friend.

Bryan Huffines, was born August, 14th, 1896, and departed this life Sunday, Oct. 6th, 1918. Age, 22 years 1 month 22 days.

He professed religion at the tender age of 15 with many of his school mates, under the preaching of brother Haile. His profession was of the heavenly kind, that brightens the countenance and makes the soul rejoice. But his life was not all that it should have been, but his experience and foretaste of heaven lived with him until his death; until he was reclaimed by his heavenly father.

In his death passes a youth that was innocent, kind and loving, who possessed a personality that made him many friends. He was left at 8 years old without a father, and later gave up his loving mother, and had to face life's battles without the guidance and parental care of father and mother. Yet he met life's responsibilities with a smile and determination to succeed at whatever he undertook. He was fond of home, and loved his brothers and sisters, and was always ready to do them a service, and always had a kind word and met them with smile.

He volunteered his service in behalf of his country June 10th, 1918, and after 4 months service he was promoted from apprentice seaman to second class seaman.

His induction into military service came in a way that it was a shock and sadness to those who loved him. Fate guided his every move, and seemed that fate doomed him to answer his country's call in a pathetic way, not permitting him the happy privilege of receiving the many kind words of encourage-

ment that would have been gladly and affectionately given. He had to take this course alone. Not a word to his lonely heart spoken, no embrace of his youthful form by those he loved, but in the midst of cold hearted strangers, he had to drink of the cup of sorrow and grief. The same cup that his Lord and Master had to drink when He thot that his heavenly father had forsaken him. We know that this must have been his Gethsemane, yet he bore it without a murmur or repine, and went forward to duty in a patriotic and manly way to do his bit for his country and home.

Let it be said in honor and memory to his service in behalf of his country, that he has made the supreme sacrifice, by giving up his life. But not without experiencing the thrilling scenes enacted upon the stages of war. He expressed himself in a letter to his sister that he never would be satisfied unless he got to go across, and his death came on his first voyage. He faced once the most dreaded weapon of this world war, the lurking submarine. He felt the same thrill of soul that his two million comrades of arms have felt that have gone across. His ship conveying and protecting his comrades as they were going to the front, made him in actual service for his country. Who knows how many times the signal was given to the engineers and firemen to steam up, a submarine is sighted, and by an extra effort on his part may so have exhausted him that he contracted this deadly disease. He gave his life in a heroic and patriotic way, and at a time when the service flag at his home was just completed and put on display, united with the other two stars. They only stood a short time, these three stars symbolizing the three brothers that were united in a service in behalf of their country.

His death coming so soon is almost unbearable, but we weep not as those who have no hope. He left a testimony, that brings gladness to our broken hearts. He sent in his last letter a message that will reach some poor soul in sin. He said, "I go to church every Sunday. I am a christian, you need not worry about me, I mean to do thing that is right, and that is the only way to get thru." In an other letter he gave a message in behalf of the church, stating how much he always enjoyed going to church, and that he sure would have been glad to have been with us during the meeting at old Camp-ground "for I do enjoy going to meeting." He further stated, "I go every Sunday at the camps. Some of my comrades are very wicked boys, but I don't mean to be led off by them."

His salvation has been brought about by the influence of the church, and by his parental training.

Let us that mourn and weep, take courage and live more holy lives, because we know if we ever see him again, it will be in heaven. He can't come back to us, but we can go to him, where there will be an unbroken family around God's eternal throne.

His home coming was indeed a sad one, because we had kept the home fires burning since his absence. No kind word could he speak, nor smile give, but his spirit will be near beckoning his brothers, sisters and friends

(continued to page 3.)